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# All Clear!"

By

JOHN OXENHAM

Author of

"Bees in Amber," "All's Well!" etc., etc.



*All Clear!*

*All Clear!*

*The Cumbered ways are free  
For man to build, as God hath willed,  
His glorious liberty.*



“ALL CLEAR!” A BOOK OF  
VERSE COMMEMORATIVE  
OF THE GREAT PEACE  
BY JOHN OXENHAM  
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JOHN OXENHAM

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TO  
ALL HIGH SOULS  
WHO  
SEEKING NOT THEIR OWN GOOD  
BUT THE GLORY OF GOD  
AND THE  
GOOD OF THEIR FELLOWS ARE  
STRIVING TO BUILD THE NEW LIFE  
THIS LITTLE BOOK  
IS INSCRIBED  
IN THE GREAT HOPE THAT  
OUT OF PRESENT LOSS SHALL COME  
A GREATER GAIN.

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## Foreword

Four years of the most hideous warfare the world has ever known—or, we may now hope, is ever like to know—have razed the old House of Life to the ground. The world is still sore cumbered with the ruins, but slowly and surely they are being cleared away and cast on the scrap-heap.

Crowns and Kingdoms have fallen to the dust. Those who took the sword, and forced a reluctant world in self-defence to do the same, have fallen by the sword, and for the most part they are powerless for further active ill. For which we are devoutly thankful.

But—after the clearance must come the rebuilding, and unless that is done on righteous lines all this horror will have been futile—the losses we have suffered, both by war and pestilence, will be as nothing compared with the thrown-away future,—the loss of That Which Might and Ought To Be.

The old order can never be renewed. We are grateful, for it was full of evil.

The New Temple of Life must be built on surer foundations and in all ways builded better.

The only foundation is Christ. The only builder is God, through His servants. Anything less is world-loss that may never be retrieved.

Man's refusal of God's Proffered Way, 1900 years ago, was the sorest rebuff He ever received, and the greatest blow. Yet His great offer has never been withdrawn. It still holds good.

Until the world turns from its own ways  
to His, and from the depths of its soul de-  
sires Christ back into its Life, all its strivings  
are in vain—blind and futile beatings of the  
wind and ploughings of the sand.

That is the simple fundamental fact which  
there is no gainsaying and no shirking.

We are face to face with it, and it means  
world-life or world-death.

What are you doing about it?

JOHN OXENHAM.

*All clear!*

*All clear!*

*The cumbered ways are free  
For man to build, as God hath willed,  
His glorious liberty.  
If but man will  
Turn from his ill,  
And own His sovereignty,  
His loftiest hopes he shall fulfil;  
God's proffered grace is proffered still,—  
If—but—man—will!*

# “All Clear!”

---

## I.

I HEARD a knocking on The Outer Door  
That stands betwixt man and the Infinite ;  
And every knock re-echoed in my heart,  
And in the troubled heart-beats of the  
world.

The Door stood fast, with complex bolts  
and bars  
That could be opened only from within,  
And He who knocked stood patiently  
without,  
And knocked .... and knocked .... and  
waited....But  
The bolts were rusted stiff with many a  
sin,  
And no man rose to loosen them  
And let Him in.

Within were noises multitudinous,  
Confusions vast and endless, hopeless  
strife ;  
Earth's millions, swarming like an angry  
hive,  
Fought for their lives but gave no  
thought to Life.

How should that knocking on the Outer  
Door  
Be heard amid such murderous uproar?

Small thought indeed they gave, and  
still less heed  
To Him who stood so patiently without  
And knocked upon The Door, and on  
their hearts,  
Bolted as surely lest He should come in.

And if one, here and there, with quick-  
ened sense,—  
On bed of pain or overwhelmed with woe,  
When the night-watches dragged so  
leaden slow,—  
Did hear, in his own heart-beats, echo low  
Of that persistent knocking on The Door,  
He would turn, restless, on his tumbled  
bed,  
And cry perchance,—“Yes, yes!—I  
hear!—I know!  
And presently I'll let Thee in. . . . but  
now. . . .”  
Then, conscience-pricked and soothed,  
would fall asleep  
Or to his woes again.  
And He without;—  
His feet were bleeding from the road  
That He so hopefully had trod  
To lead men back to God.

His brow still bore the scurril thorn,  
—The noblest crown was ever worn—  
His fair white robe was stained and torn;  
But yet no suppliant forlorn  
Was He  
Who waited there so patiently.

His face was sad yet full of loving hope—  
—The saddest face the world has ever  
seen.

Yet Love,  
That conquered Death, still hopeful strove  
With that sore challenge of the close-  
barred Door,  
Nor would surrender smallest shred of  
hope,  
But hoping, lived and loved and hoped  
the more.  
For Love lives on though Hope may  
droop and die,  
Since Christ Himself gave Love her  
amaranth crown  
Of Immortality.

The gentle hands that ever wrought  
men's good  
Still bore the wounds of man's ingratia-  
tude,  
And as He waited there, so great the  
pain  
Of that barred Door, the old wounds  
bled again.

Yet was His mien right royal, and His  
eyes  
Shone as the stars shine in the unfath-  
omed skies  
Of God's vast distances. They pierced  
The Door,  
Saw all that passed within—and more;  
Saw whither all this maddened coil was  
tending,—  
Saw the beginning—and saw too the  
ending,—  
Saw to the full the dread catastrophe  
That waited man, if, contumacious, he  
Persisted still in his gross perfidy.

*And . . . ever . . . ever,  
More and more  
Impassioned, yet all patiently,  
The Silent Watcher stood without  
And knocked upon the close-barred  
Door,  
Stood ever waiting . . . waiting . . .  
waiting,  
Ever knocking on The Door,  
And no man let Him in.*

*Has Life e'er known a sweeter, truer,  
Nobler, more devoted wooer,  
Or Love more loving a pursuer?  
Yet man would none of Him!*

**III.**

EARTH was a pit of endless miseries—  
Man strove with man, nation with nation  
        strove,  
For little masteries of this and that,  
Which passed like bubbles on a moun-  
tain stream,  
And vanished like the fragments of a  
dream.

Behind the Silent Watcher at The Door  
Lay all the vast ungauged infinities  
Of time and space—God's great eterni-  
ties.  
And there within, man plied his little  
will,—  
God's greatest gift—the freedom to fulfil  
His destiny, to choose 'twixt good and  
ill,—  
That made him lord and master of his  
fate,  
Free of the high and low, the small, the  
great.

And all too oft that small self seeking will  
Turned the fair earth to hells of misery,  
Nor gave a thought to all that lay beyond,  
In the unfathomed vast of God's eternity.

But here and there, at times, some loftier soul  
Unduly born into a heedless world,  
And with earth's self-made sorrows weighted sore,  
Would hear the knocking on The Outer Door,  
And cry his soul aloud,—“O deaf and blind!  
Can ye not hear the knocking on the Door?  
Christ stands without and knocks. Give heed! Give heed!  
For your souls' sakes, give heed! Unbar The Door,  
Lest, weary grown, He pass upon His way  
And leave you to yourselves for evermore!”

But they, intent on their own ends,  
would cry,—  
“Nay, keep it barred! There is not room on earth  
For Him and us. Our ways are not as His;  
We cannot live within His liberties.”

And some,—“Not yet! Not yet! First let us work  
Our own salvation out, and fit the world

For His indwelling. Then will we give  
Him  
Welcome full. But now . . .  
How could He dwell in such a world as  
this?  
Wait till we lessen its disparities!"

And everywhere was strife. The Church  
of Christ,  
Itself divided, strove within itself  
For things that control not, and gave  
small heed  
To Life's deep open wounds and poignant  
needs,  
And with its Christless futile wrang-  
lings drowned  
The sound of that low knocking on The  
Door.

And so the seething millions heeded not  
Its teachings so diverse, its clashing  
creeds,  
But sought in other ways to salve their  
woes,  
By baser means to satisfy their needs.  
And Christ was left bereft of those  
Whose sacred duty called them to oppose  
Life's growing evils and The Kingdom's  
foes.

*And . . . ever . . . ever  
More and more*

*Impassioned, yet all patiently,  
The Silent Watcher stood without  
And knocked upon the close-barred  
Door,  
Stood ever waiting . . . waiting . . .  
waiting,  
Ever knocking on the Door,  
And no man let Him in.*

*Has Life e'er known a sweeter, truer,  
Nobler, more devoted wooer,  
Or Love more loving a pursuer?  
Yet man would none of Him!*

**III.**

EARTH'S ills waxed more and more; and  
still The Door,  
By which God's Mercy entrance sought,  
was barred.

In the demonic storm and stress of life  
The soft persistent knocking was not  
heard.

None rose to let The Consolator in,  
None thought of Him, none cared.

Earth was convulsed with wars. The  
Kingdoms raged,  
Without, within, and strife was every-  
where.

At times the turmoil broke with thun-  
drous roar,

Like a great blast from hell, upon The  
Door,

And shook it and the very walls of  
heaven.

And He without stood patiently and  
knocked,

And knocked . . . and knocked . . .  
But no man heard, and no man cared,  
And no man rose to let Him in.

The world in torment groaned unceas-  
ingly,—

One long unending cry of tortured  
souls,—

The panting sobs of men who fought  
for life,  
Women in anguish, children's wailing  
cries,  
Laughter of fools, and moans of dying  
men,  
All blent in one hoarse dirge of agony.

For, even where no actual strife was  
waged,  
Where, here and there, the lands at  
times had peace,—  
Peace that but hatched the broods of  
further wars,—  
Yet even there black hidden warfare  
raged,  
Of fouler cast than where the hosts en-  
gaged.

—Warfare of commerce girding men to  
nought,  
Bodies and souls but chattels to be bought  
And sold for profit—devil's marketing!—  
Traffic of ghouls with endless evils  
fraught;

—Warfare of vast self-seeking enterprise,  
Which grew distent on other's miseries,  
Soul-less and thoughtless save for its  
own gain,  
Its ledgers foul with many a grim red  
stain;

—Warfare of greed that stole the children's lives;

Warfare of lust that naught could satisfy,  
Honour as dust, and women left to die;

—Warfare of class with class, and rancorous hate

That would all save itself annihilate.

In all the cities, underneath the fair  
Outside presentment, lurked vast charnel-caves

Of poverty and evil and despair,—

Black jungles where the wild beasts made their lair,

And lay in wait, and prowled by night

Their victims to ensnare.

Even the countrysides bred evil things,—  
Dank miseries, oppressions, burdenings,  
Old as the hills,—the strong enbondaging  
The weak in helpless vassalage.

Warfare of Evil everywhere with that Primordial Good, with which in plentitude

God in creation His fair earth endued;

But now, in place of His beatitude,—

Eternal strife and fratricidal feud,

Everywhere Evil fighting against Good.

And, 'mid the storm-clouds of the upper air,

Great shadowy armies fought a ghostly  
fight,  
With crashing thunders, lightnings blast-  
ing bright,  
That whelmed the earth with their stu-  
pendous might,  
And left it quivering with despair,  
And sore affright.

Earth was no longer earth as God  
designed;  
Perverse and blind, the free-will of man-  
kind  
Had made it liker hell. And Faith and  
Hope  
Their draggled wings had spread,  
And, sorrowing, fled,  
Since Love, that should have ruled the  
world,  
Was dead.

*And . . . ever . . . ever  
More and more  
Impassioned, yet all patiently,  
The Silent Watcher stood without  
And knocked upon the close-barred  
Door,  
Stood ever waiting . . . waiting . . .  
waiting,  
Ever knocking on the Door,  
And no man let Him in.*

*Has Life e'er known a sweeter, truer,  
Nobler, more devoted wooer,  
Or Love more loving a pursuer?  
Yet man would none of Him!*

**¶¶.**

THEN rose a man,  
God-reared, and God-inspired,—a simple  
man,  
Of lowly birth but full of holy fire,  
And cried, as cried the Messengers of old,  
And earth in her extremity gave heed;—

*"Thus saith the Lord,—  
I have desired you with a great desire,  
Yea, with desire that nought else could  
satisfy,  
With the rue of a mother bereft of her  
first-born,  
With the ache of a father whose sons  
have gone from him,  
My heart has gone out to you,  
Reached for you, craved for you, . . .  
. . . And ye would not.*

*Come back to Me now, O My children,  
My children!  
Far you have wandered and far I have  
followed you;  
Come to Me now, O My children, My  
children,  
And you shall find rest for your souls!"  
And from the earth went up a weary sigh,*

*"Yea, come! Lord, come! We die in misery!"*

*"I have called to you, called to you,  
called without ceasing;  
On the doors of your hearts I have  
knocked without ceasing;  
I have waited, and waited, with patience  
unfailing;  
I have called, and have called, and have  
never ceased calling;—  
And ye would not!*

*Come back to Me now, O My sons and My  
daughters!*

*Come to Me now with your burdens of  
sorrow!*

*Come!—You are weary and heavily laden,  
And you shall find rest for your souls!"*

And from the earth went up a longing  
sigh;—

*"Yea, come! Lord, come! Come quickly  
lest we die!"*

*"How shall I come when the doors you  
have bolted?*

*The doors of your hearts you have bolted  
against Me.*

*How can I come when the bolts are  
against Me?*

*The bolts are on your side the door, not  
on My side."*

Then heard they Him,—and heeded, for  
their woes  
Had grown beyond their bearing, and  
their needs  
Passed their desires.  
Storms they had sown, and whirlwinds  
they had reaped,  
Sands they had ploughed, and garnered  
only dust;  
Their mouths were full of ashes—Dead-  
Sea fruit  
That turned within to gall and bitterness.  
Their buildling left a world with wreck-  
age fraught,  
Their vast self-strivings all had come  
to nought,  
Their own devices their own ruin  
wrought.

*"Unbar the Door!"*—they cried,—“*Un-*  
*bar the Door,*  
*And let the Lord Christ in!*  
*All other ways have proved our own*  
*ways vain,*  
*His power alone can cleanse the world*  
*of sin,*  
*His love alone can give us peace again.*  
*Unbar the Door, and let the Lord Christ*  
*in!"*

*And ever . . . ever . . .*  
*More and more*

*Impassioned, yet all patiently,  
The eager Watcher stood without  
And knocked upon the close-barred  
Door,  
Stood ever waiting . . . waiting . . .  
waiting,  
Ever knocking on the Door,  
But now man hearkened Him.*

*Life never knew a sweeter, truer,  
Nobler, more devoted wooer,  
Nor Love more loving a pursuer,  
And now man craved for Him.*

**V.**

THEN rose that man of God, and cried,—  
*"Repent ye of your sins! Repent! Repent!  
I will unbar the door and let Him in,  
His love alone can cleanse the world of  
sin."*

But some there were still obdurate, who strove  
To stay His purposing, and when,  
Aflame with zeal, he pressed toward The Door,  
Aflame with rage, they thrust upon him sore.

He reached The Door;—with his last breath he drew  
The rusted bolts, then fell beneath their blows;  
And, as The Door swung wide, the heavenly light  
Fell first on him who died to let it in.

He lay there dead, below The Opened Door;  
But on his eager happy face was look  
Of high content that he—unworthy he—  
Had been found worthy to be spent  
On such supreme accomplishment.

And those who slew him, full of bitterness,  
Strove hard to close again the Opening Door;  
But others, all ablaze with that same fire  
Which first flamed up within the man of God,  
Rose quick to follow in the steps he trod,  
Eager to give themselves, their lives, their all,  
To satisfy Life's soul-compelling call.

So there was strife again, but this time strife  
'Twixt Good and Ill—yea, for Life's very life,—  
Strife to the death 'twixt that new sense of Right  
And the old evil power of Godless Might.  
The strife waxed sore, and sorer than before,  
And Christ stood watching through the Opened Door,—  
Watching and praying . . . . And His prayers availed.  
Great hosts of angels hovered o'er the fight  
And heartened those who fought that fight for Right,  
That they prevailed..

Long, long and bitter was that final strife,  
Till Life was smitten to the verge of  
death.

But, by God's mercy, Life won through  
at last,

The hosts of Ill were smitten hip and  
thigh,

And Earth thanked God for its delivery.

And so at last the long-closed Door  
stood wide,

And none gainsayed it now, and none  
denied

Christ's right of entrance with the  
Sweeter Life

Which meant an end for ever to all strife.

**VI.**

THE Door swung wide, and wider, wider  
grew,  
Till like the dawn it spread across the  
sky;  
Great seas of new life-giving light  
welled through,  
And spread o'er all the earth a quick-  
ening flood,—  
Healing and life for all earth's deadly  
woes,  
That larger Life that Love alone  
bestows—  
Life out of death for all the sons of men,  
For in the Light Christ came to earth  
again.  
His white-robed heralds of the New-  
Born Day  
Like silver clarions sounded far and near  
The thrilling joyance of His great "All  
clear!"  
And, as on that first morn, they chanted  
—"Peace!"  
*Peace upon earth!—to men of good-will,*  
*Peace!"*  
For in that word was pledge of man's  
release,—  
*"Peace upon earth!—to men of good-will*  
*Peace!"*  
Into each darkest corner of the earth

Streamed those great beams of sweet  
light-giving light,  
Shrivelling all foulness that it sank and  
died,  
And went back to its native elements  
To be re-made for good. And so, at last,  
Earth was all clean for Him to build upon.

Then rang the heavens, and earth re-  
sponsive rang,  
With the glad songs the joyous heralds  
sang,—

*Glory to God!*

*Glory to God!*

*Glory to God in the highest!*

*And on earth—Peace!*

*Peace upon earth!*

*Peace upon earth!*

*To men of good-will—Peace!*

*Peace upon earth!*

*To Life—new birth!*

*To all men—Peace!*

*To all—release!*

*Gone all the bonds that burdened  
Life before!*

*Christ has passed through the newly-  
opened Door!*

*We thank Thee, Lord, that of Thy  
boundless grace,*

*Mankind has turned at last to seek Thy  
face,*

*Turned from himself, and of his own  
free-will  
Seeks now Thy loving purpose to fulfil.  
For this Thy boundless grace we thank  
Thee, Lord!*

*We thank Thee, thank Thee,  
Thank Thee, Lord!*

*We thank Thee, Lord, that of Thy  
boundless love*

*Mankind Thy boundless tenderness may  
prove,*

*May share with us the joyousness above,  
Where love is life, and life eternal love.  
For this Thy boundless love we thank  
Thee, Lord!*

*We thank Thee, thank Thee,  
Thank Thee, Lord!*

*We thank Thee, Lord, for this Thy gift  
of Peace.*

*Let all the world build now to Thine  
increase,*

*Build as mankind has never built before,  
And in Thy service grow from more to  
more.*

*For this Thy Gift of Peace we thank  
Thee, Lord!*

*We thank Thee, thank Thee,  
Thank Thee, Lord!"*

*And others jubilantly sang,  
While heaven and earth responsive  
rang;—*

*"Hear the glad tidings, all ye sons  
of men,—  
Christ to His own with joy is come  
again!"*

*Hear the glad tidings of the Prince  
of Peace!*

*Hear the glad tidings of the world's  
release!*

*Hear the glad tidings of the New-  
Born Peace!*

*Peace upon earth!*

*To men of good-will—Peace!*

*Tell it, ye heavens of heavens, ye  
worlds on high,—*

*'The Lord has come all life to  
glorify.'*

*Earth's myriad voices thunder in  
reply,*

*'The Lord has come. We laud and  
magnify.'*

*Hear the glad tidings in all lands,  
all men,—*

*'The Prince of Peace is come to  
earth again!'*

*Hear the glad news, let all your  
strivings cease,—*

*'Peace upon earth,—to men of good-  
will, Peace!'*

*Tell it, ye mountains, towering to  
the skies,*

*Peak tell to peak your joyous ecstasies,—*

*'The Prince of Peace in triumph comes again,  
To dwell for ever with the sons of men.'*

*Tell it, ye winds; on your great pinions bear*

*The wondrous tidings through the waiting air,—*

*'Christ to His own with joy is come again,*

*To found His Kingdom in the hearts of men.'*

*Tell it, ye worlds that swing in outer space,*

*Sun, moon, and stars, each in his proper place;*

*Tell it, ye rivers rushing to the seas;*

*Tell it, ye seas, through all your liberties;*

*Tell it, and tell, and tell it yet again,—*

*'The Christ of God lives with the sons of men.'*

And this son too the heralds sang,  
While many a heart responsive rang;—

*"How many, Lord, have died*

*To clear the cumbered ways,*

*To set the Closed Door wide,*

To free the future days.  
To set the Closed Door wide,  
To give Thee entrance free,  
Right willingly they died,  
Right glad they live with Thee.  
  
Right willingly they died,  
Right joyfully they live,  
For ever by Thy side,  
Since Thou dost honour give  
  
To all who died for Thee,  
To clear the cumbered ways,  
To give Thee entrance free,  
To build the future days.  
  
Praise be to God for all  
The lives so greatly given!  
No soul of all who met the Call  
But lives with Thee in heaven."

And all in mighty chorus sang,  
While heaven and earth responsive  
rang,—

*All Clear! All Clear!*  
*The evil days are gone,*  
*The Prince of Peace is here*  
*To claim His Throne.*  
  
*All Clear! All Clear!*  
*The evil days are gone.*

*His Throne is in*  
*The hearts of all who will*  
*Cast out their dearest sin*  
*And Love fulfil.*

*All Clear! All Clear!  
The cumbered ways are free  
For man to build, as God hath  
willed,  
His sovereignty.*

*All Clear! All Clear!  
Lord, build Thy sovereignty.*

*His sovereignty  
Knows naught of time or space,  
It spreads through all infinity  
As does His grace.*

*All Clear! All Clear!  
Build now His Temple fair,  
With Love alone as corner-stone,  
And faithful care!*

*All Clear! All Clear!  
Build now His Temple fair!*

*His Temple fair  
Is in the sons of men,  
And that ye are;  
The Christ is come again.*

*All Clear! All Clear! All Clear!  
The Christ is come again,  
To build with care His Temple fair  
Among the sons of men.*

*All Clear! All Clear! All Clear!  
We thank Thee, O our God,  
For this Thy Gift of Peace!  
Our hearts we raise in fervid praise  
Praise that shall never cease.*

**VIII.**

So Christ came back again,  
But not as suppliant now;  
With power He came, His own to claim  
His gracious promise to maintain,  
As King Omnipotent to reign  
Within the hearts of men;—  
As Lord Supreme of Death and Life,  
As peaceful victor in the strife,  
He came.

He came, amid the world's acclaim,  
To found His kingdom upon earth,  
To give to Life a nobler birth,  
And heal it of its shame.

No gladder face was ever seen than His,  
So full of grace and all high sovereignties,  
And all aglow with sweet benignities.

His love-lit eyes shone like the great  
twin stars,  
And on His brow which once had worn,  
With patient dignity, the thorn,  
Was now a radiant crown of stars,  
Which hid and healed the bitter scars  
Made by the crown of scorn.

His robe was brighter than the noon-  
day sun,  
And in His hand He bore a holy grail,  
Clear crystal, brimmed with blessings  
infinite,—

Pardon and grace for all who would,  
And benedictions sweet . . .

And as He came, His eager foot fell  
first

Upon the body of His harbinger,  
Low-fallen there below The Opened  
Door.

He looked upon the high, enraptured face,  
So full content at being so well spent,  
Then stooped, and raised Him with His  
strong, right hand,  
And kissed Him on the brow, and drew  
him close,  
His first sweet deodand.

*"Well done, Well done! My good and  
faithful one!"*

*You gave your life to see the work begun,  
Come now with Me and see it fully  
done!"*

And, side by side, their faces all alight,  
Their eyes clear-shining like the stars  
of night,  
Hand clasping hand, they passed along  
the light.

And, as they went,  
The Master said,  
In tones so penetrant and clear  
That every soul on earth could hear;—

"Come unto Me, all you heavily burdened ones!  
Come unto Me, all you weary ones, come!  
The home is all waiting that I have prepared for you,  
All through the years while I waited  
and cared for you,  
And now I am waiting to welcome you home.  
Come to Me! Come to Me! Come to  
Me! Come!  
And you shall find rest for your souls!  
  
Have I not borne greater burdens of  
sorrow?  
Have I not known what it was to be  
lonely?  
Lean on Me now for to-day and to-morrow,  
Trust in Me wholly, and trust in Me  
only!—  
And you shall find rest for your souls!  
  
Here for your sorrow is healing and  
gladness,  
Give me your burden, and take you  
another's,  
So shall you rid you of all your own  
sadness,  
Healing your own wound by healing your  
brother's,  
And you shall find rest for your souls!"

**VIII.**

THEN was the earth made anew where'er  
He went,  
For all men's hearts were opened to the  
Light,  
And Christ was King, and Lord Om-  
nipotent.

Before Him swept that flood of radiant  
light,  
Of rarest hues all blent to purest white,  
Probing each hole and corner where the  
dark  
Still clung,—routing the miasms as the  
sun  
Dispels the morning mists, and cleansing  
earth  
Of her impurities.

And everywhere men's hearts turned  
unto Him  
As to the very source and fount of  
Right,  
As flowers turn to the sun, and every-  
where  
New Life sprang up to greet Him as  
He went  
Dispensing grace to all men everywhere.  
And His dispenséd grace changed all  
men's hearts,

Made His will theirs, and their wills  
wholly His;  
So that they strove no more each for  
himself,  
But each for good of all, and all for Him.  
Man's common aim was for the com-  
mon good;  
The age-old feuds were of the past,  
And all mankind joined hands at last  
In common brotherhood.

The city jungles withered in the Light,  
And in their places rose fit homes for men,  
Where children no more died like  
autumn flies,  
And there was room for all, and spa-  
cious life.

The smiling country-side no longer  
served  
The favoured few, but bore their treas-  
ure-stores  
For all who chose, and golden harvest  
gave  
Of health, and wealth, and happiness  
for all,  
And all good cheer.

The old waste places blossomed as the  
rose,  
And earth bore plenteously for all men's  
needs;

Life's crooked things were all at last  
made straight,  
And the rough places plain.  
For Christ, the Lord, the Advocate  
With God for man degenerate,  
Had stripped Him of His high estate,  
And, filled with love impassionate,  
In mercy great had come again  
To dwell among the sons of men.

And every man in all the whole wide  
world  
Had room, and time, and wherewithal  
to live  
His life at fullest full within the Law—  
The Law that has no bounds or bonds  
for those  
Who live it, for it is His Love,—  
The great unchanged, unchanging, and  
unchangeable  
Law, whose beginning and whose end is  
—Love.

*As it was in the beginning,  
Is now, and ever shall be,  
World without end.—Amen!*

*Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui  
Sancto,  
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et  
semper,  
Et in saecula saeculorum. Amen!*

## A Little Book of Common Praise

### I.

WITH hearts responsive and enfranchised  
eyes,  
We thank Thee Lord, for all Thy ministries;  
Our ceaseless thanks Thy ceaseless gifts  
acclaim,  
Yet ceaseless praise is nobler incense flame.

So, unto Thee let every earthly thing  
Perpetual, pure, impassioned praises sing!  
To Thee eternal praise be given  
By every creature Thou hast made  
In earth and heaven!—  
And by mankind, Creation's last and best,  
Whose praise is still not equal to the rest.  
For man accepts, as of his right, the things  
Which Nature all spontaneous lauds and  
sings.

And though he render thanks,  
Yet—Praise  
To Thee  
Is still the nobler ecstasy.

Praise be to God  
For all His wondrous ways,  
For all the splendour of His hidden ways,  
For all the tender thoughtfulness and grace,

Which suffers our vast waywardness  
And yet prolongs our days!

*To Him for all things—Praise!  
To Him from all things—Praise!  
To Him in all things—Praise!*

III.

*In all the nights be praise!  
In all the days!  
In sun and moon and stars be praise!  
In all the vast infinitudes of heaven,—  
In all the earth to its remotest end,—  
In worlds beyond as yet by man unkenned,—*

Praise in the morning stars  
Which sing together still, as on that dawn  
When first the curtains of the night were  
drawn!

Praise in the sun, the fair life-giving sun,  
Rejoicing his triumphant course to run!  
Praise in the moon's white rapture of delight,  
Vesting the darkness with a mystic rite!  
In all Thy countless firmaments be praise!—  
In all Thy vast infinitudes of space;—  
In all Thy gleaming jewels of the night,  
Spread like a royal casket to our sight;—  
In every world that Thou hast made, be  
Praise!—

*Still sweeter Praise!  
Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

In all the days be praise!—  
In those sweet vital days of quickening life.

Which cheer hearts weary with the winter's  
strife;—

In those wide days of Nature's graciousness,  
Which brim our hearts with joyous thankfulness;—

In those soft days declining to the fall,  
When careful Nature plays the prodigal;—  
Yea, and in wintry days that give a zest  
To homely joys, while Nature takes her rest;—

In days of sun, when Nature's heart is glad;—

In days of gloom, when Nature's face is sad;—

Each its own part in Thy intention plays,  
Each unto Thee doth render joyful praise,—

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

In nights no death-blast smites,—in peaceful days,

*Be Praise!*

And in that Greater Peace which shall bind all

The peoples in a Peace Perpetual,

*Still greater Praise!—  
Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

In aught that Life has learned from Death  
through strife;  
In the new cravings for the Larger Life;  
In quickened hearts; in wider-visioned  
thought;  
In all Life's gains, so sadly, dearly bought,  
*Be Praise!*

And in Thy many mercies in the days  
We now look back on with such dire amaze,  
When, but for Thy support most evident,  
We had been broken in the grim red ways,  
And to no purpose spent;  
In Thy deliverances in those dread days,—  
*Praise without ceasing!*  
*Without ending—Praise!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Great Procession of the Days*  
*Seeps on and on;*  
*By upward ways, by downward ways,*  
*By ways that fill us with amaze,*  
*But ever on.*  
*They bring us good; they bring us ill;*  
*We know not what; they are Thy will,*  
*As they sweep on.*

*But this we know, the day will come*  
*When we shall meet Thy "Welcome*  
*Home!"*

*Then, on and on,  
The long day of eternity  
Will bring us ever nearer Thee,  
So we press on.*

*We thank Thee for the changing days,  
Each bringing something new;  
For Life would prove a weary round  
If on its face no change were found,  
If it no variant knew.*

*The very sun would be a blight  
If he perpetual shone;  
And so we thank Thee for the night,  
That brings to life a brief respite  
And strength for the unknown.*

*The days and nights Thy good gifts are,  
Help us to make of them, Dear Lord,  
A holy calendar!*

III.

*In all Thy Heavens of Heavens be Praise!  
And as in Heaven, so on earth be Praise!*

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

In all the high angelic hosts be Praise,—  
Thy holy ones, begotten, not create,  
Untouched of earth, all pure, immaculate,  
Who served Thee then when on the waters'  
    face

Thy Spirit brooded, ere Thy love did chase  
The Shadows of the black preordial night,  
And with a word called out of darkness  
    Light.

These render praise beyond all earthly  
powers,

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

In all Thy chosen from the sons of men,  
Who bore without a stain their mortal  
    chain,—  
Thy Saints on whose pure souls earth beat  
    in vain,

*High Praise!*

Yet sweeter unto Thee the praise of those  
Thy Love redeemed from earth's abysmal  
woes,

Who in their depths have drunk the reeper  
cup,

And by Thy Love have been more lifted up.  
Through clouds and darkness they discerned  
Thy face,

Theirs the full measure of redeeming grace.  
These have known death that they the more  
might live,

And they who most receive, the most shall  
give.

So, from the souls from sin redeemed, shall  
rise,

Beyond all others sweets of sacrifice,  
Incense of Praise Thou most of all wilt  
prize.

*So, in Thy Havens of Heavens—eternal  
Praise!*

*Yet in the souls from sin redeemed,*

*Still sweeter Praise!*

*Praise without ceasing!*

*Without ending—Praise!*



## De Profundis

*Out of the depths  
To Thee, O Lord, I cried,  
And Thou my pressing need  
Hast ne'er denied.*

*Thy hand reached down,  
The strong right hand of Love,  
And lifted me right up  
My cares above.*

*Had I not been  
Sunk in the depths of woe,  
I ne'er had known how much  
To Thee I owe.*

*And so, although  
The depths were very sore,  
Through them I know Thee more  
Than e'er before.*

*Out of the depths  
My soul can rise to God,  
Since He who died for me  
This same way trod.*

*So, for the depths  
I still will grateful be,  
Since they made known to me  
Thy Charity.*

## IV.

*In all Thy Temples—Praise!*

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

—In these the living temples of Thy grace,  
Wherein we dwell for such a little space,  
Yet each is planned with all-unequalled skill  
Its well-appointed duties to fulfil.  
And, though the lease be short, yet each  
one is  
A marvel of divinest mysteries.

Praise in each heart-beat, every pulse and  
breath  
That speeds our journeying 'twixt birth and  
death!—  
From its first launching to its final port,  
However long, the voyage is but short.

In that within us which derives from Thee,  
And through all earth's distractions bids us  
grope  
Upwards and onwards towards the mighty  
hope

Of Immortality, be Praise!

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

Praise in their proper functioning of all  
These wondrous powers that answer to my  
call!

—In mind alert, and opened eye and ear  
That love to seek and find Thee everywhere!  
Praise in the marvels of this mortal frame,  
Which Thy supreme and loving skill pro-  
claim!

—In healthy mind in healthy body shrined,  
Each serving each, as wisdom first designed!

Praise in the balanced working of the  
brain,—

The Master—failing whom all else is vain!  
Praise, Lord,—and of Thy grace and mercy  
deign  
The Master in His empire to maintain!

Praise in the joyous sense of sight and  
sound,  
With their vast widening of perception's  
bound!  
And praise in added senses given when these  
Grow fainter with life's long activities!

In touch, and taste, and smell, that serve so well

The dweller in this narrow citadel,

*Be Praise!*

Praise in sleep's sweet renewal of life's waste!

Praise in the waking to life's conflict braced!

In that new eagerness for ampler life,  
For which men fought so long and valiantly;  
In all the soul's unpreaching after Thee;  
In Life's instinctive struggle to be free  
From all the prisonings that bowed and bent  
And barred it of its full accomplishment

*Be Praise!*

Praise in man's strength, in woman's beauty—  
*Praise!*

—In every child's unspoiled, spontaneous grace!

—In Love's sweet tendrils graciously entwined

With love responsive, heart and soul and mind!

Let every meanest member of my frame

Sing endless praises to its Maker's name!

Yet none is mean that bears the Master's seal,

Since all alike His perfect skill reveal.

*In all the living Temples of Thy grace  
Be Praise!  
Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*What is man that Thou should'st mind  
him?*

*—The son of man that Thou should'st  
visit him?*

*In Thine own likeness, Lord,  
Thy tender love designed him,  
And was it not Thy word  
That wrought the wonders of his frame,  
And breathed in him the living flame  
Of Thine own spirit?*

*—Didst bid him stand and walk upright,  
Head to the heavens as in Thy sight;*

*—And of Thy magnanimity  
Didst Thine omnipotence curtail  
To crown him with free-will,—  
The power to choose the great or small,  
The high or low, the good or ill.*

*And sadly, sadly has he used  
That gift, and Thy great trust abused.  
No more he follows Thy behest,  
Nor sets Thee first, nor gives Thee best;  
But goes his own way down the steep,  
His self-sown harvesting to reap.*

*And yet, without free-will, he were  
But slave, and no more son and heir.  
And so we thank Thee for Thy grace,  
And pray Thee bear with us a space!*

**V.**

*In Service—Praise!*

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

In every noble self-denying deed,  
Which none but Thou perchance dost see or  
heed,

*High Praise indeed!*

In all who came back from the gates of  
death,—

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

For all who came back from the gates of  
death—

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

For all ho, nobly striving, nobly fell,—  
*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

For all who, nobly strvng, nobly fell,—  
*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

Praise in the souls of heroes, ranging free  
The glorious High Ways of Eternity!  
Praise in the valiance which their souls sus-  
tained!  
Praise in the well-won rest they have at-  
tained!

Praise in the goodly work and steadfast  
heart  
Of those at home who bore an equal part!  
Praise in the widening spirit of the days,  
Which everywhere new-quicken life dis-  
plays!

In all who serve their country in its need,  
Nor let a thought of self or aught impede  
Their service—

*Praise indeed!*

And yet, in all who set Thee first, above  
All other—country, self, and life, and love,

*Still higher Praise!*

For these kin Thy fidelities.

—In all who serve the sick, the maimed, the  
poor,  
In lowly ways—the Openers of the Door  
To sweeter life for any of their kind—

*High Praise!*

For in their work we find  
Likeness to Thee and Thy sweet charity.

In lives devoted to the Outer Night,  
Knights of the Cross in their unending  
fight,—

In all Torch-Bearers, carrying the Light  
To souls benighted,—to the blind new sight,—  
*High Praise indeed!*

Thou only knowest all the crushing load  
They bear who live to bring man back to  
God;

In all such lives, with pure white fire  
ablaze,—

*Praise without ceasing!*  
*Without ending—Praise!*

—In all the humbler ministries  
Of hearth and home, of field and fold and  
farm,

Of desk and shop, of mine and factory!

—In all life's daily rounds, on land and sea,  
And in the air—be Praise!

For all,

Done unto Thee, are answer to Thy Call,  
And all

In equal measure are heroic.

*In all true service—Praise!*  
*Praise without ceasing!*  
*Without ending—Praise!*

\* \* \* \* \*

**"I Serve!"***"I serve!"*

*And though I do no more than keep the road,  
And here and there help one to bear his load,—*

*"I serve!"**"I serve!"*

*As He once served in lowliest estate,  
I seek no more than Him to emulate,—*

*"I serve!"**"I serve!"*

*And while my best to His concern I give,*

*No higher honour mine, the while I live.*

*"I serve!"**"I serve!"*

*And when, my little service done, I die,  
On hope of greater service I rely.*

*"I serve!"*

**VII.**

*In all fair waters—Praise!*

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

In running waters—Praise!

Praise in the babbling brook that laughs  
between

Green rushy banks and meadows' golden  
sheen!

Praise in the stream's onrushing, blithe and  
free!

—In mighty rivers sweeping to the sea!

Praise in the great fall's diapason roar!

Praise in the incense-mist that hovers o'er!

Praise in the billows thundering on the  
shore!

Praise in the spume of their tumultuous  
power!

Praise in the little waves laughing in their  
glee,

Dancing, glancing, merrily, full of ecstasy!

Praise in the deep still pool fringed round  
with fern!

In smiling lake, in lonely mountain tarn!

Praise in the falling rain, in morning mist!

Praise in the dewdrops by Thy love-light  
kissed!

In all fair waters—

*Praise!*

*Praise without ceasing!*

*Without ending—Praise!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*For the River of God flows full and free,  
Through the banks of Time to the boundless  
sea,*

*That is Love indwelling Eternity.*

*And the trees that are planted by the River,  
They drink of the springs supernal;  
In wonderful estate they grow,  
Their leaves no withering ever know,  
And to their infinite delight  
Their fruit is semipiternal.*

**VIII.**

*In all things growing—Praise!*

*Praise without ceasing!*

*Without ending—Praise!*

—In every grass-blade's tiny tilted spear,  
No two alike in all the mighty sphere!

—In every daisy jewelling the mead!—  
In every tiniest, humble, wayside weed!—  
No lowliest thing that germs, and springs,  
and grows,  
But at His best the Master-Craftsman shows.

Praise in the springing wheat, green-flushing  
earth

With the sweet promise of perennial birth!

Praise in the corn, gold-ripening in the ear,  
To glad the world with certainty of cheer!

Praise in the green earth made each day  
anew!

Praise in the meadow pearly with morning  
dew,—

Each feathered head of grass a mystic grace  
All unsurpassed in perfect comeliness!

Praise in the chestnut's myriad tiny spires!  
Praise in the gorse's never-dying fires!  
Praise in the branching elm and spreading oak!  
Praise in Queen Birch's graceful swinging cloak!

Praise in the poplar's lofty swaying plume!  
Praise in the violet's modest-smiling bloom!  
Praise in the lily's rapture of delight,  
No queen on earth more sumptuously dight!

Praise in the rose's glad exuberance!  
Praise in the sunflower's wild extravagance!

Praise in the heather's bravely-blushing bells,  
Ringing their soundless chimes o'er moors and fells!  
Praise in each quickening bud that grows and swells,  
And bursts its swaddling-bands at last and stands  
One more sweet marvel from the Master's hands!

Praise in the aspen's softly-whispering leaves!  
—In the red creeper climbing to the eaves,  
Its tiny fingers clutching tight the wall  
With clasp unconsciously hermetical!

Praise in the swinging cups of all sweet flowers,  
Flinging their incense to the summer showers!

Praise in the great woods' russet, amber, gold!

Praise in the green shoots pushing through the mould!

Praise in the Autumn moors that blaze and burn!

—And in the tight-clasped, curly-wrinkled fingers

Of the new-born baby fern!

Praise in the wandering smoke of swaling-fires,

That wreath the hill-sides where the funeral-pyres

Of waste make ready for the better things, Plowings and planting and rich harvestings!

Praise in the glorious riot of the Spring,

When Nature, after her long prisoning,

Flings off her bonds, and gaily bourgeoning, Calls all the earth to laugh and dance and

sing!

And Praise

In the stark beauty of the naked trees,

Sharp etched in ebon on the winter sky!—

All bare and beautiful,—so consciously

Assertive in their witching comeliness,—  
 So unabashed in their sweet nakedness,—  
 So chaste in their rare symmetry and grace,  
 They fairer seem than in their summer dress!

And still more beauteous when Thy magic  
 breath

Vests every twig in soft white furry sheath,  
 Sparkling like frosted silver in the sun,  
 And gleaming cold as steel beneath the moon.

*These all, in their own sweet peculiar ways,  
 Render their Maker sweet spontaneous  
 praise,—*

*Praise without ceasing!  
 Without ending—Praise!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*One of the first things God made was a garden,  
 And He loved it exceedingly.*

*He planned it with care and made it all fair,  
 So that those whom He loved all His pleasure  
 might share,*

*And wonderful sweet was His garden.*

*And He loved to walk in His garden,  
 In the cool when the shadows fell,  
 When the daylight was gone and there, all  
 alone,*

*He could ponder the things that were still to  
 be done,*

*As He walked in the cool of His garden.*

*And the Lord still walks in His garden,  
But at times He is sad of heart,  
For, in spite of His care, things are not as  
they were,  
And not as He hoped when He made it so  
fair,  
Yet He loves to be there in the cool of the  
air,  
And He does not despair of His garden.*

**VIII.**

*Praise in Thy skies!  
In all Thy wondrous atmospheres—  
Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

—In that unfathomable blue, that seems  
Fit dwelling-place for Thine Infinity;

—In those great snow bergs of white-piled  
cloud  
That float serene athwart the azure deeps,  
Majestic argosies that bear within  
Their magic holds rich freights of fantasy—  
Visions and dreams that sweep the soul  
along  
To realms where Life is ever young and  
strong,  
And Time a bright Spring day

—In those stupendous crests of virgin snow  
Which dwarf earth's noblest peaks to little  
things,  
Mountains of God, all inaccessible,  
Save to the spirit with its eagle-wings!

Praise in those lucent seas of swimming gold,—

Of blues and greens so rarely soft and sweet,  
Earth cannot match their hues attenuate;  
Where purple, gold-rimmed island float, and set

The soul aglow with longings to be free;  
Where golden seas brim on a golden shore,  
And creep, and creep, and win it more and more;

And little creeks appear and disappear,  
And great lagoons swim softly in the light,  
Till the soul swells with rapture of delight,  
And longs to loose its moorings and away  
In glorious flight to the eternal day!

Praise in the soft-winged clouds that greet the dawn

With matin-chants none but the angels hear,  
And wave their farewells to the setting sun,  
While earth in silence strains to catch the tune

Of their sweet evensong!

Praise in the boiling fury of the storm,  
Black-robed, and lightning-shot, and thrid with lace

Of streaming rains that flush the foul earth clean,

While crashing thunders clear the sullen skies!

Praise in the pale gray glamour of the mist,  
 Diaphanous, inscrutable, wet-kissed,  
 Which rings one round with all the mysteries  
 Of vast invisible infinities  
 And all the unknown possibilities!

*In all the glories that Thy sky displays,—  
 In all Thy wondrous atmospheres, be Praise!  
 Praise without ceasing!  
 Without ending—Praise!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Free . . . free . . . free would I be  
 To soar to the wonders of wonders I see  
 In the heights of Thy radiant tranquillity,—  
 Free from the ties and the trammels of  
 things,  
 Free to companion my soul when it sings,  
 As it wings its glad way to the portal of day  
 And the end and beginning of journeyings.*

*Free from the bonds of the years of captivity,  
 Ablaze with the joy of this new-born ac-  
 tivity,  
 Jubilant strong in its latest nativity,  
 High . . . high . . . high would I fly,  
 Through the heights and the depths of the  
 blue summer sky  
 To the transcendent joys of infinity!*

*I would swim in those oceans of shimmering gold,  
I would bask on the beaches their soft arms enfold,  
I would wander at will on the purple-gold isles,  
I would climb through the caves of the wild-tumbled piles,  
I would dream on the shores of the changing lagoons  
Where time is unknown and where nought importunes,  
I would rest on the breast of yon high snowy crest,  
When the wonders of Paradise flame in the west,  
And the earth and the heavens with their glories invest.*

*I would fly to the Light . . . to the Light . . . to the Light,  
And for ever be free from the scathe of the night,—  
Lord, gift me with wings when my time comes to go,  
And straight will I come as a shaft from the bow.*

**IX.**

*In all bird voices—Praise!*

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

Praise in the song of every sweet-voiced  
bird,

Nor truer praise has God or man e'er heard;  
As all spontaneously it breaks and swells,  
The singer's thanks it all unconscious tells.

—In every flute-throat perched on top-most  
bough,

Singing his matins or his evensong!

—In every anxious follower of the plough,  
Seeking a meal the new-tuned clods among!

Praise in the swelling raptures of the lark,  
Thrilling the heavens with carols past all  
art,

Each ringing note a white-hot silver spark  
Struck from the passion of a bursting heart!

Praise in the sanguine robin as he comes,  
In faith and works robust and boundless  
trust,  
Across the snows to claim his dole of  
crumbs!

Praise in the swallow's whistle, clear and  
shrill,  
As, like a shuttle of blue burnished steel,  
Hither and thither in the waning light,  
He darts, and dives, and weaves his mazy  
flight!

Praise in the speckled thrush whose tuneful  
note,  
Through constant repetition learned by rote,  
Pours in a flood from swelling heart and  
throat!

Praise in the blackbird's long melodious  
tale,  
When, with the endless wonders of his  
scale,  
His roosting neighbours he doth still regale  
With songs of love that time can never stale!

Praise in the starling's chatter, blithe and  
gay,  
As, in the quest his hunger to allay,  
He thrusts himself with zeal into the fray,  
Nor suffers ought his ardour to dismay!

Praise in the sweet low warbles of the night,  
Whose mystic rite is love's supreme delight!

Praise in the sweet-sweet-sweet small twittering voice  
Of the humbler folk whose hearts rejoice;  
Whose wooings, matings, buildings for the brood,  
Tell their full thanks for Thy good fatherhood!

These all, in their own sweet spontaneous ways,  
Render their thanks in never-ending praise.

Even the cuckoo, child of Ishmael,  
With but two notes and no place where to dwell,  
Still does his best his grateful thanks to tell.

And the lone owl, within the dim dark wood,  
Peals out his gratitude for nightly food.

The eagle screams fierce thanks above her nest  
Of eaglets cradled on the mountain's crest.

The solemn crow, with hoarse discordant voice,  
Tells to the world his own peculiar joys.

Harsh voices these, but He Who gave them knows

That each its owner's gratitude displays  
As truly as the others' sweeter lays,  
And through the harshness He discerns the praise;

And so—in all bird-voices—Praise!

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*The wonderful trust of a birdling!—  
So full and so free!*

*For what does it know?—Not the smallest thing*

*Save its own concerns, and those it learns  
'Neath the mother-ring and instinctively.  
And yet it is happy as happy can be,  
Enjoying each moment right merrily.*

*It knows not at all what to-morrow may bring,*

*And yet it can cheerfully chatter and sing;*

*To-day is enough; yesterday has no sting;*

*It carries no load, for it simply trusts  
God  
For its home, and its food, and for  
everything.*

X.

*In Nature's endless wonders—Praise!  
Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

In all high mountains—Praise!  
Praise when they glimmer golden in the dawn!  
Praise when the setting sun, dropped out of  
    sight,  
Still holds them from the oncome of the  
    night  
With tender fingers dipped in rose love-  
    light!  
And praise when, in the moonlight clear and  
    bright,  
They tower aloft, serene, and calm, and  
    white.

Praise in the valleys, nestling snug and  
    sweet,  
Amid the folds of the tumbled robes  
About the mauntain's feet!

Praise in the wide wild riot of the moor,  
Untamed, untamable, rejoicing, free,  
Unruffled, jubilant in sun and shower,  
All stern, all sweet, compact of mystery.

Praise in the bold tors heaving through the  
mist,  
Mystic, defiant, robed in amethyst!  
Praise in the smiling combes that run be-  
tween,  
Boscage and tillage and a glad terrene!

Praise in the forest's lofty pillared aisles,  
Dim-lit, soft-carpeted, and silent save  
For Nature's own sweet voices, all attuned  
To worship in such noble sanctuary!  
—And in far lowlands glimpsing through the  
trees,  
Wreathed in dove-mists and tempting secre-  
ties!

Praise in vast sweeps of prairie and of  
veldt,  
Where Space Majestic in his might is felt,  
Felt to the crushing of man's soul, unless  
Himself within himself can fruit the wilder-  
ness!

Praise in dim deserts fading to the line  
Where earth and sky in wanton dance com-  
bine!  
Praise where the springs of fertile oases  
Relieve and bless their vast austerities!

Praise in the eternal wastes of ice and snow,

Where in the dimness life runs thin and low!

—In those wild splendours of the Northern skies  
Which fill their nights with mystic phantasies!

In the exuberance of tropic lands,  
Where Nature gives herself with open hands,  
*Be Praise!*

Such prodigal profusion she displays,  
Man can but gaze in wonder and amaze.

Praise in the weeds and flowers and grass  
that weave  
Robes of forgiveness where the battles  
were,  
Bidding man rise above his soul's despair,  
Since God and Nature every loss repair!

Praise in the humble coltsfoot,  
Striving, might and main,  
To clothe earth's winter nakedness,  
And hide the rough scars made by man,  
With fair bright robes again!

—In tiny lichens, covering the bare  
Scarred rocks with coat of living arabesque

Time's ravage to repair!  
There, all unseen, they weave with patient  
care  
Their broideries of green and black and gray,  
And rare old cloth of gold beyond compare.

—In sweet rain-voices after droughty days,—  
In thirsty earth's deep joy of drinking—  
Praise!

—In rushing storms that purge all Nature  
clean,

In sunny days wherein she smiles again!

—In the glad promise of the seven-fold bow,  
That heartens man to-day, as long ago!

—In all the faéry magic of the frost,  
*Be Praise!*

—The work below-ground on the stubborn  
clods,

The work above which such rare skill dis-  
plays,—

The traceries, enamelings, designs,  
Unique and unsurpassable, and all  
In perfect silence to perfection wrought.

Praise in the pure white mantle of the snow!  
—In the weird elfin gleams in glacier caves,  
Spectral and soft as those phantasmic  
tints  
That flit within the curl of breaking waves!

In that lone star, and that cold lonely moon,  
*Be Praise!*  
—Steel-bright in a steely sky, they two  
alone,  
When the blood-red sun, his short course  
run,  
Sinks into the dun, dull-glowing West,  
Where the high-piled bank of smouldering  
mist  
Lays a rampart of amber-rimmed amethyst  
On the winter's afternoon.

Praise in the great waves roaring to the  
moon,  
Wild dance of splendour to a noble tune!  
Praise in the little waves laughing at the  
sun,  
All aglee, merrily, dancing in their fun!

Praise in the sun's great flashing shields of  
light  
Upon slow-heaving seas! And Praise

In that long shimmering pathway of delight,  
 When the white moon rides high the windy  
     sky,  
 Queen Regnant of the night!

*Nature's ten thousand thousand voices raise  
 To her Creator jubilance of praise,—  
 Praise without ceasing!  
 Without ending—Praise!*

\*        \*        \*        \*

*Thank God for opened eyes,  
 And hearts not too o'erwhelmed  
 With worldly snares and earthly cares  
 For His immanencies!*

*To find Him everywhere,  
 In every smallest thing,  
 Is His good gift man's soul to lift  
 Above its earthly fare.*

*To trace His delicate  
 Fine craftsmanship in all,  
 Gives sense of new-born reverence  
 For all things small and great.*

*In all things Him we find,  
 If we but bring to all,  
 With conscious will and loving zeal,  
 An open heart and mind.*

XII.

*In all Thy hidden workings—Praise!*  
*Praise without ceasing!*  
*Without ending—Praise!*

—In that great wonder of recurring birth  
In every seed that, in dear Mother Earth,  
Rough-nursed in darkness by the uncomely  
clods,  
And fed by rains and snows, stirs in its  
sleep,  
And, quickening into life, shakes off its bonds,  
Strives up and down, and so climbs through  
at last  
Into the light, and lives, and fruits, and  
bears,  
And drops the seeds again of further life!  
In that great wonder of recurring birth,—  
*Praise without ceasing!*  
*Without ending—Praise!*

And so with man,—so with all life on earth;  
Life never dies, but ever with new birth  
Speeds on and on the great triumphant  
round,

Transmitting oft, but never dying out.  
In that great glory of undying life,—

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

In those vast slow-surrendering mysteries  
Of force ominific, everywhere at work  
In silent might fulfilling Thy behests,  
Waiting but man's discovery to be  
His willing servants in captivity,

*Be Praise!*

From one small acorn mightiest oak may  
grow,  
And from that oak a million oaks may grow.  
So in one man a world may be renewed,  
As in one man came Life's supremest good.  
To Him and Thee be everlasting praise!

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

Praise in those mighty hidden workshops,  
where,  
Unseen, in silence, with most loving care,  
The wonders of Thy grace Thou dost pre-  
pare,—  
Storing the earth, the seas, the ambient air,  
With treasure infinite for man's delight;

Ruling the winds and waves, ranging the spheres

Charging with life the changing atmospheres;  
Limning with joy the sunsets and the dawns,  
Tinting the grass, the flowers, the wayside  
weeds,

Filling to fullest full man's amplest needs  
And more,—For Thy exhaustless store above,  
By Wisdom charged, is ministered by Love.

*In all Thy hidden, wonder-working ways,  
Which fill our hearts with gratefullest  
amaze,—*

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*In silence and in quietness  
God's mighty works are wrought  
Unheard, unseen, His workmanship  
Is to perfection brought.*

*Deep in the earth, and high above,  
His unknown powers display  
Their multiform activities,  
And all creation sway.*

*Ever at work, unheard, unseen,  
He is, in everything,  
Cause and effect at once in all  
That is or e'er has been.*

*Help us, O Lord, in quietness  
To do our work, like Thee,  
And our souls brace with Thy sweet grace  
Of high tranquillity!*

### XII.

*In all Thy creatures—Praise!*

*Praise without ceasing!*

*Without ending—Praise!*

And special praise

In all the common things of field and farm,  
Unconscious praise of quite peculiar charm!

—In the sweet-scented breath of browsing  
kine,

Blowing like incense on the dewy morn!

—In the blithe barking dogs, whose faithful  
eyes

Anticipate their master's urgencies!

—In the old shepherd's patriarchal look,  
As to the heights he turns his wayward flock!

—In the great horses' pride of conscious  
strength,—

The straining muscles tense beneath the skin,

The arching neck, the dumbly-speaking eyes,  
The great fringed hoofs that scrape upon the  
stone,  
Restless for work, impatient to be gone;  
Or, in the furrow plod so cunningly  
As the rich earth curls deftly from the plow!

Praise when at last the welcome gloaming  
falls,  
And home they jog with rhythmic-jingling  
chains,  
Like little bells that ring at eventide,—  
Home to the stable's well-earned warmth and  
cheer,  
To the full rest that knows not care or fear!  
Praise in their wholesome lassitudes that tell  
Of one more day's work truly done and well!

Praise in the frisking lambs beside their  
dams!  
Praise in the calves' shy gambols in the  
straw!  
Praise in the murmurous hum of homing  
bees,  
All tireless in their sweet activities!  
Praise in the clank of milk-pails in the byre!  
Praise in the milk, white-foaming in the pails!  
Praise in the deft and hardly conscious skill  
Of man and maid unconsciously displayed!

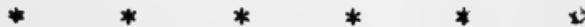
Praise in the waving fields of golden corn!  
Praise in the pregnant, well-thatched rounded  
stack!  
Praise in the merry clatter of the flail!  
Praise in the shrill hone on the well-worn  
scythe!  
These all their praises tell in accents blithe.

Praise in the lesser folk who all rejoice,  
Unwittingly, with strange discordant voice,—  
Hens, ducks, and geese, domestically bent,  
And telling it with joy vociferant.

Praise in the sleepy croaking of the rooks,  
In solemn conclave settling for the night!  
Praise in the gleaming lights in cottage homes,  
That tell of rest and cheer when evening  
comes!

*In all Thy creatures, great and small, be  
Praise!*

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*



*Let every living thing praise God,  
That He hath found it worth  
A place in His creation's whole  
An entry on the noble scroll  
Of His completed earth!*

*And since nought is that liveth not,  
Let everything proclaim  
Its jubilance in service true,  
And day by day its troth renew,  
And glorify His name!*

## XIII.

*Praise in all Times and Seasons!*

*Praise without ceasing!*

*Without ending—Praise!*

Praise in Spring's joyous breaking of the bonds

That Winter knit about her all too long !

Praise in her birthing, bright and naked-free,  
Ablaze with new-born ecstacy,

And bursting with glad song !

Praise in her youthful beauty, all arrayed

In bridal splendours though she be but maid !

—In all the thrilling rapture of her lays,

—In all her days,—in all her blithe glad ways,

*Be Praise!*

And Praise

In Summer's golden days and jocund ways !

—In all her matronly provisioning

For every want—and more ! When her full store

Of fruit and flower she hastens to outpour

Upon us with a great glad joyous laugh,

And bids us her full bowls of nectar quaff.

Praise in the Summer evenings when the trees  
Cast their long shadows far across the lawns,  
And, as the gloaming falls, the soft night  
breeze  
Sets all the little leaves a-whispering  
Their prayers and lullabies !

In Autumn's rich and ripe maturity  
*Be Praise!*  
—In all her brimming wealth of fruit and  
bloom,  
—In all her golden sheaves brought safely  
home!  
Praise in her fragrant ricks, her swelling  
stacks !  
—In the glad thought that nothing needful  
lacks !  
Praise in her beauties everywhere unrolled,  
—Her woods aflame with amber and with  
gold,  
Her carpets rare, here wonders manifold !  
—In her soft langours as she falls asleep,  
When Winter stalks along his tryst to keep !

Praise in the Winter nights, when cold with-  
out  
But cheerier makes the cosy warmth within !  
When, round the blazing hearth, high com-  
pany

Foregathers, and the best, though oft unseen,  
Is still most there, as it so oft has been,—  
Friends of the past, book-friends, all joyous  
souls

Who lift Life up above its earthly goals.  
In Winter nights, and dazzling Winter days,—  
In all Thy times and all Thy seasons—  
Praise!

*Praise without ceasing!  
Without ending—Praise!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Let all men everywhere praise God  
For His most fair creation;  
And praise still more the Open Door  
That offers man salvation!*

*Let all men everywhere praise God  
For His Son's sacrificing!  
That through His Own He hath made  
known  
His mercy all sufficing.*

*Praise God all creatures everywhere  
For mercies so unbounded!—  
No thing there is but ever is  
By His great love surrounded.*

**XIV.**

*In life, and all things living—Praise!*  
*In death, and all that dies not—Praise!*  
*Praise without ceasing!*  
*Without ending—Praise!*

In that sweet soul of Life which came from  
 Thee,  
 And goes again to Thee, and lives with Thee,  
 Through all the æones of eternity,  
*Be Praise!*

In life that lives in all that Thou hast made,  
 Deep hid at times in things inanimate,  
 Yet in each single thing Thou didst create,  
 Is life, which follows Thy wise ordering;  
 Nought is too small, nor aught too great to be  
 The casket of Thy rich immanency.

*In all things living—Praise!*  
*Praise without ceasing!*  
*Without ending—Praise!*

And in Great Death be Praise!  
Death, the Bead-Roller of all noble souls,  
Whose lives pressed ever up towards noblest  
goals!

Death, who, with loving hands, at last unties  
The swaddling-bands of Life's activities.

—Death, who flings wide the Golden Gates of  
Life,

And brings to man God's Peace, and rest  
from strife!

—Death who leads Life to larger life above,  
And crowns it with the miracles of Love;

—Death who reveals the long-locked secret  
things,

And gifts the soul with grace of tireless  
wings!

Death, the Divided,—The Untirer, Death!

Death, the Destroyer,—The Restorer, Death!

Death, the Dethroner,—The Crown-Bearer,  
Death!

Death, the Deposser,—The King-Maker, Death!

Death, the Dark-Veiler,—The Revealer,  
Death!

Death, the Defiler,—The Purifier, Death!

Death, the Downcaster,—The Uplifter, Death!

Death, the Despoiler,—The Enlarger, Death!  
Death, the Discomfitor,—The Deliverer,  
Death!

Death, the Disabler,—The Renewer, Death!  
Death, the Desolator,—The Consoler, Death!  
Death, the Grim Gaoler,—The Releaser,  
Death!

Death, the Devourer,—The Life-Giver, Death!

Death, the Shroud-Bearer,—Death with The  
Key!

Death, the Peacemaker, the Ender of Strife!  
Death, not the Master, the Servant of Life!  
Death, the Arch-Enemy?—Nay, Death The  
Friend!

Death the Beginning of Life—not the End!

*In Death, and all that dies not—Praise!*

*Praise without ceasing!*

*Without ending—Praise!*



*Life! . . . Death! . . .*

*What then?*

*Save only in the name*

*They are the same.*

*For death begins with life's first breath,*

*And Life begins at touch of death.*

*The child's first feeble cry*

*Death's claim doth ratify.*

*Life's last long restful sigh*

*But tells the new life nigh.*

*So, fear not either one or other*

*Each is to each but great twin-brother.*

*Where'er thou goest, there go they,*

*Close comrades with thee all the way.*

*And since 'tis better far to go*

*With two good friends than one dread foe,*

*Lay a hand gently in the hand of each,*

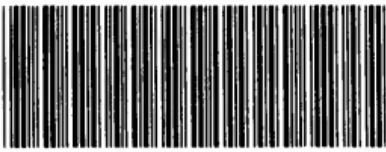
*And thou shalt learn the best that each can  
teach.*

Let all men everywhere praise God  
For all that He hath done,  
But most of all for Love's High Call  
Through Jesus Christ, His Son!  
To him all praise and glory be  
While Time its course doth run!  
To Him the Kingdom and the Power,  
When Time and Everness once more  
For everymore are one!





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